

The Robots of Death - Revised Ending

Leela sat hiding in a cupboard, clutching the tank of helium. Outside the Doctor and D84 were preparing the trap for Taren Capel and she knew what to do. However, things did not go according to plan. As D84 headed for the door it unexpectedly opened. There stood Capel holding a laserson probe.

As D84 had said, "It can punch a fist-sized hole through six-inch armor plate, or take the crystals from a snowflake one by one."

Capel drove the probe into D84's head. He froze, his electronic brain in the throws of a cascading meltdown and dropped the weapon the Doctor had given him. Capel sneered and pushed past D84, he was no longer a threat.

A few minutes later the Doctor was strapped down and Capel was gloating over him as he prepared to do the same to the Doctor's brain! Leela knew it was time to act and so she began to release the helium. Meanwhile, D84 continued to wander about the room spouting gibberish. "Find Capel, must stop him. Help the Doctor help Leela. Find, find, find - Leela!"

The Doctor bantered with Capel as he waited for the helium to take effect. "I see. You're one of those boring maniacs who's going to gloat, hmm? You going to tell me your plan for running the Universe?"

Capel laughed and leaned closer to the Doctor as D84 crashed into the closet that concealed Leela. His superhuman strength enabling him to literally plow through the wall! Leela was knocked into the next room and covered in debris.

"D84, no!" she shouted in a high squeaky voice. The helium was doing its job.

Unfortunately for Leela between the laserson probe and the gas there was no way D84 could recognize her or even know what he was doing. He kicked the weapon he'd dropped across the small room as he seized Leela by the arm.

"M-m-m-must s-s-s-stop Leela," he stammered as he turned and sat down on a nearby crate.

"D84, stop! Go help the Doctor, he needs us," Leela shouted as D84 yanked her over his lap.

Leela strained to break free of his iron grip, but it was no use. She was a strong warrior of the Sevateem, but there was no getting lose from a sandminer robot. D84 pinned her with his left arm, raised his right arm high and brought it down hard and fast.

WHACK!

"OW!" Leela squeaked.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

"Ouch, ow! D84, stop - ouch!" Leela begged between squeals of pain.

Leela was a powerful woman – a worthy member of the Sevateem and well accustomed to pain. In addition, her leather skirt was quite thick. But, D84 was very, very strong! Strong and fast. He struck her so fast his arm was practically a blur and she got almost no respite between spanks.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“OW! Help me, Doctor! OUCH! Ow oh!”

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

Leela couldn't believe how much this hurt. She'd sooner face a whole pack of Horda than have this go on another minute, but there was nothing she could do.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“OUCH! D84, it's me – Leela, I'm – ouch – your friend!” she wailed as tears began to well up in her eyes.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

Just then, through watery eyes she caught sight of something. It looked like a flashlight with a smiling clown face on it. The weapon the Doctor had built. If she activated it D84 would be destroyed. Much as it pained Leela to think of that, it pained her even more to endure more of this.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“OW! Eeek, ouch!” Leela screamed in her high-pitched voice as she strained to reach the weapon. She could just barely touch it.

On and on D84 spanked, his arm zipping up and down like a hummingbird's wing in flight. Leela was now screaming at the top of her lungs, but no help would come from the Doctor. He was still Capel's prisoner.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“Waaahhh!” Leela burst into tears as her fingers began to close about the weapon.

She was so embarrassed. Here she was – a warrior, and she'd been broken by a mere machine and was bawling like a baby.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“OW! Ouch! D84, I'm sorry to do this – OUCH! Baaawwww!” Leela choked out between sobs.

Lifting the weapon she reached for the switch – and froze. Through her tears she could see Capel fighting with one of his robots. The Doctor's plan was working, the helium had changed Capel's voice and he was no longer able to control them. But now she was faced

with a dilemma – throw the switch and be free of her agony – and Capel would also be free to kill the Doctor. Or, endure until he was dead and the Doctor free. As a warrior, the choice was simple. Leela clutched the weapon tightly and clenched her teeth – she would hold out as long as necessary.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“Waaahhhh!” Leela cried as loud as she could. Her lungs actually hurt she was screaming so loudly.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

She watched Capel fight – it seemed to be going in slow motion. Every second was agony – her leather-clan bottom was bruised and battered. D84’s cold, hard hand was turning it crimson and a raging inferno of pain. As the spanking continued her behind grew hotter and number, until it felt as if it were ablaze with cold fire.

Whack smack crack spank swat smack spank slap smack swat spank!

“OOOWWWWW! WAAHHH! AAHHH!” Leela screamed, her voice so high pitched it could practically shatter glass.

Finally, the moment she’d been waiting for came. Capel was done and the Doctor had managed to get free! Leela reached for the switch.

“OW! Good-bye, my friend, OUCH!” she said as she pushed the button.

The device activated and a moment later the head of every robot in the area exploded.

It took a moment for the Doctor and Leela to gather themselves together. Leela finally managed to slip out of D84’s grasp; she slid to the floor and sobbed.

The Doctor crossed to her. “Leela, what’s wrong? What happened?”

Leela looked away. “Do not ask, Doctor, I can not speak of it. I have shown weakness in front of a foe.”

The Doctor helped her get to her feet. “Are you sure?”

“Yes! Come, let us go from this place,” she replied as she walked – slowly toward the door.

They headed back to the TARDIS, Leela having great trouble keeping up with the Doctor. Every step was a new experience in pain and she longed to rub some relief into her swollen and throbbing behind. But, she would not allow the Doctor to see her weakened. By the time they’d reached the TARDIS she’d managed to dry her eyes and ask him why his voice hadn’t changed. She little understood his reply, but at least they were back inside. She could go lie down – on her stomach – and rest for a while. It would be many days before she could sit without pain.

